

FAMOUS AIRMEN HOME FOR VISIT

Tells of Experiences in Fighting Germans—Had to Act as Reserve.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 26.—There has just returned from the front "some-where in France" one of the most famous airmen in the British service. It has been his first visit home for seven months, and his well-earned rest has lasted just four days. As a skilled mechanic-constructor of aeroplanes, and motor-cars, and a bomb-dropper of wonderful accuracy, he cannot be spared very long from active operations.

He has taken part in at least a dozen great air-raids, and was not far away on the famous occasion when Commander Samson, the greatest airman in the British service, nearly escaped capturing the Kaiser himself. The Germans have offered a thousand pounds for the capture of Samson, alive or dead.

Here are a few pages from an aviator's diary which describe how for the first time an admiral fought a battle with submarines, aeroplanes, destroyers and cruisers.

On—, after many rehearsals, we were enabled to give the Germans a striking proof of our navy's quality. The weather had been anything but bright. Tremendous seas were running, but it did not prevent the sea-plane ships, with their escort of torpedo destroyers, headed by the scout of cruisers, the "saucy Arethusa" and the "Undaunted" putting the sea to give the Germans "what for." We had been steaming for about half a day when the weather began to moderate.

All the time we were busy in preparing bombs for the seaplanes, the "planes themselves were being overhauled, to make sure that all would be fit, and all the remainder of the crews stood by their guns prepared, and ready for anything.

I was wondering how I would feel when I went up, for in ordinary times, especially on a fine day if one goes up far enough, it seems so easy and smooth, and everything looks so calm that you feel how nice it would be to step out of your machine and take a walk. I have often felt that, especially at a height of ten thousand feet.

But on this occasion we were to fly as low as we could. It was now four of the morning. Amid the keenest excitement, and interest, the machines were unslashed, and got ready.

It was now that I got my first disappointment. I was told to stand by and act as a reserve airman, I could have cried our "orders were orders".

At five we got the machines out and placed them on the sea, where they looked like a great flock of seagulls, indeterminate whether to rise and fly for Heligoland or the Elbe river. In the meantime our destroyers, long, vicious, black wasps, were flying round ready to bite any submarine craft which dared to appear.

The signal was given, then the seaplanes arose quietly, gracefully, thrillingly for just as they reached a height of about a thousand feet a great lumbering Zeppelin appeared on the horizon.

We had the two extremes. Overhead sailed our seaplane fleet like a flock of vicious white eagles ready to sweep on any prey within striking distance of their talons. Underneath were our submarines, right in the very center of the enemy's mine field which protects the Kiel canal.

Then our aeroplanes disappeared towards somewhere near Germany, and we stood by our guns waiting for anything and everything. How I cursed my luck for not being with the boys.

Presently we turned and set sail for a prearranged rendezvous at which we expected to pick up our "planes after the boys had done things. Then the enemy's submarines suddenly became busy. They began to chase us, but speed was too good.

I was patiently waiting the moment when I could sail up and do a bit of bomb dropping of my own. We all had bets on as to who would make the biggest bag. And right in the middle of it all a German aeroplane came rising up out of Heligoland and dropped a bomb on one of our destroyers, just missing it by 20 feet.

It was followed by a Zeppelin—a large, sausage-shaped cigar with a great cage below it—covering a second German aeroplane which dropped a bomb on the Arethusa and missed it. A second Zeppelin now made its appearance. You should have seen tons of lead and steel we poured into sky, like water squirted from a fireman's hose pipe.

A third aeroplane came sailing along but her men did not know how to throw a bomb any better than their friends. Her bomb went sailing into the depths to increase the fish mortality just as we peppered the tail of a Zeppelin with our rifles.

My lady by now had enough, and, probably remembered that the next dance had been promised to somebody else. The third Zeppelin was now about 6,000 feet high, preparing to attack us. But the guns of the Arethusa, and Undaunted did good work and the shrapnel bullets from them made very pretty practice.

It was the first time that a German was an unwilling recipient of a gift. They got one in at us at last, and the "saucy one" did not exactly get it in the neck but very near it.

Then to my great relief, after the submarines and Zepps began to sheer off and as I saw the Arethusa steaming away, lame, but quite happy, I got the order to go up and scout for the nine aeroplanes.

I did a fancy flight or two, chased a Zeppelin for pure sport, dropped a couple of bombs on a destroyer, and then to my wild rage, a thick curtain of rain came down and blinded me from the enemy.

Snow and rain are more deadly enemies of ours than wind or even the Germans. When the rain stopped I could see our fleet dotted about on the waters, and no sign of the Germans. I was going about 50 miles an hour then at an altitude of about seven thousand feet. I felt so blithe by now that if I could have found the boys I would have been in the humor to take a run to Berlin with them. But when they came along—who was in charge, signalled the return, so we got back, myself not in the best of humors.

I wish I hadn't swanked so much about my skill as a mechanic. I'd have more chances of raiding them. Still, I mustn't grumble—has promised that I shall have plenty of little trips to somewhere in the neighborhood of Lake Constance very soon and hear, he Zeppelin in his hair.

Two of the lads have been left behind, and we can only hope for the best so far as they are concerned. Still, if they are alive, they can always remember that they have made an event in history by taking part in



INTO THE HOME CIRCLE

Put Your Story There

When the family gathers about the reading lamp in the living room and the daily paper is divided, each one taking a part in turn, then, Mr. Merchant, is when your advertisement gets in its work at 100 percent efficiency.

Three-fourths and more of the purchases of family necessities and luxuries originate in the family circle. That's why it's important for you to put your sales story in a newspaper which goes into homes.

The News-Times is such a paper. Its circulation is 98 percent HOME DELIVERED.

WHEN YOU USE THE NEWS-TIMES

You get into the family circle in the evening.

You have "the last word" in the morning before Mrs. Purchasing Agent goes shopping.

a battle in which cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and hydroplanes have fought against destroyers, submarines, hydroplanes and Zeppelins, in which the war got the worst of things. I told that the joinder and the building trade will loop up in the district of—especially the harbor.

have been sent ashore on special service. And with Samson the dandy. He nearly caught the Kaiser this afternoon. He is a restless devil. When he isn't in the air he is breaking the speed limit with a motor car below. Paulhan and Pegoud, and Garros, tell me that Samson is just it. I'd bet his speed would demoralize the time keeper at Brooklands.

Ask anyone between Ypres and Courtrai—ask the Kaiser's personal staff how quick Samson can drive a motor car, and you'll get a good lesson in Gott Strafen. He was doing a mere trifle of eight miles an hour today—it would have been more but it's an armored car, and we have to be careful of the "un, which is guaranteed to fill a decent sized cemetery—in anything under an hour.

After he had got about 20 miles outside of Courtrai he saw an advanced party of Germans on the sky line,

and he raced along to say "How d'ye do!" But a vigilant vedette (Gott strafe them!) had seen us and they disappeared in a frightful hurry. All our spoil was some very interesting bits of the Kaiser's baggage, some very interesting private papers of the only William, who, by this time, was in the bosom of the Ewigkeit. No wonder they have out a price on Samson's head!

Frederichshafen... It was what the Yanks call bull but Karlsruhe. Here the diary breaks off disappointingly. The other part is "somewhere in France."

A LESSON.

Jim, having tunked Buck on the head with an ax, with a fatal consequence, was haled to court, and sentenced to pay the penalty at the end of the state's rope. The judge apprised Jim of the verdict and asked whether he had anything to say before sentence was pronounced.

"Who me?" asked Jim.

"Yes," responded the court. Jim spoke earnestly.

"Well, sah," he said, "dis yere hangin' sut'n'y gwine be a lesson to me!"

Stand by President If He Stands by Nation Says Colonel

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., Aug. 26.—"This country should stand by the president only so long as the president stands by the country."

These were Col. Roosevelt's final words at the Delaware and Hudson station Wednesday night as he left for New York. Earlier in the evening he delivered a most vigorous and impressive speech at the business men's military camp.

Five thousand persons gathered on the hill in front of Gen. Wood's headquarters to hear the ex-president. Salvoes of applause greeted him as he descended lack of preparedness. He was cheered when he said that if he had the power, members of labor-peace parties who stated that in case of war they would not fight, would either be made to fight or else be shot.

GERMAN RESERVIST ARRESTED WITH MAPS

Gustav Kopsch Caught With Data on Fort Monroe and New Work at Cape Henry.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—With photographs and topographical maps of Fort Monroe and the new fortifications under construction at Cape Henry on his person, Gustav Kopsch, a German reservist, was arrested by the department of justice secret service Wednesday night. He was taken to the District jail on his failure to obtain \$5,000 bail.

Kopsch was charged with violating the act of 1911, which forbids the possession of secrets of the defenses of the United States. He is 27 years old and has been employed as an instrument maker at the Carnegie institute.

A. Bruce Bielaski, chief of the bureau of investigation, said Wednesday night that while he had not had sufficient opportunity to study carefully

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Excursion South Bend to Culver and return over Vandalia railroad Sunday, Aug. 29th. Fare for round trip \$5c. Train leaves at 7:30 a. m. Tickets good returning on train No. 28 only of Aug. 29th, 1915. Adv.

the papers and films found on Kopsch's person when arrested, he had identified already photographs and films of Fort Monroe and of the new fort sit at Cape Henry.